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vate taste by easy following of our crude likings, but by earnest study and close thought. To study Art is a labor, but one which well repays the laborer in spirit and in truth.

THE WILDERNESS AND ITS WATERS.*

CHAPTER XI.

CLEAR RIVER FALLS.

RAINY as the day was, it was necessary to do something out of doors, as Mike's little cabin was scarcely capacious enough to hold us all in comfort. Moreover, although it rained steadily, the wind was from the southward, and was warm, and as we were already thoroughly wetted, we need fear nothing more, so it was concluded to go up the lake to fish. The guides said that there was a cascade formed by the Clear River falling into the lake, where we might catch some fine trout; so getting our blankets, &c. in, to be in readiness for camping, should we find it advisable, we started. We had hoped for a clear day to see the mountains that lay around the lake, but the heavy clouds that hid their tops, and the rain that shut off all distant view, scarcely permitted us to judge of the character of the scenery. The glimpse we had of the hills and a bold bluff mountain on the east the evening before, gave us strong hopes of a sight of some magnificent highland scenery. The shores of the lake were much more irregular and varied than in the waters through which we had passed, in some cases running up into cliffs from one hundred to two hundred feet in height. The points that jutted out from the mainland were bolder, and the bays deeper and more irregular, while the islands, in some cases, were hills of considerable altitude, the *tout ensemble* being much bolder than anything we had seen since entering the wilderness. The lake itself was seven or eight miles long, and varying from one to three miles in width, but so crooked that but a portion of it could be seen from any point. But it was no time for hunting of the picturesque, under the grey veil of clouds that clipped hill and mountain down to a dead level, and held the whole landscape in a cheerless monotone of gloom, the dullness of which was heightened by the semi-uncomfortable state of wetness we were in. I think none of us felt so much like sketching or sight-seeing, as like keeping our blood in vigorous circulation, so we rowed away as hard as we could for the falls.

Turning the point of one of the islands, they came finally in sight, a sheet of white foam falling over the broken rocks, and plunging into the deep, dark water of the lake, how deep we could only guess by the conformation of the shore, which was a steep wall of basaltic rock. The fall itself was not more than thirty feet in height, but most picturesque in its forms, and a few rods above were two or three others, forming a beautiful succession of cascades and basins. A ledge of rock at the foot of the fall, gave standing place and room to

throw a fly, so I begged to be landed, and as I had my whip in readiness, I cast at once across the boiling water into the edge of the clear water beyond. Scarcely had my flies touched the surface, when a half dozen tails of several sizes whisked above it, betraying the presence of a multitude of small trout. Another cast brought a fish, and in brief space we were in the full excitement of first-rate luck. I drew my fish up on the rock to secure them, and in the haste, and consequent carelessness of such "fast" fishing, lost several fine ones which had been lightly hooked, and at length having got my fingers on a very large trout, he freed himself, and began making his way down the sloping, slippery rock, when I sprang after him, and losing my footing, fell, and slid down to the water. I grasped at the rock, which gave me no hold, and I still slid, until, coming to the edge, where it broke down into the unfathomable depth, I went under at the same instant that the trout, with a last flip of his tail, reached his element and "skooted." I rose and essayed to climb back, but the slippery slope defied every effort to get a hold on it, for as soon as I had worked my shoulders out, I slipped back again, until, out of patience, and my knees being bruised, and my shins barked by my fruitless climbing, I turned and struck out for the boat which lay outside of the foam, and notwithstanding my hat, overcoat, and knee-boots, reached it, and was assisted in by Student, who, with the rest, had been convulsed with laughter. "Did you get the trout?" said he, as soon as he could command his breath. "No, hang it!" said I, handing Student my watch, which I supposed to be ruined, and which had entirely occupied my thoughts while in the water. I told Moodie to put me ashore again, and resumed my fishing with more care as to landing my fish, or approaching the water.

Abandoning the fishing, at length, the remainder of the party landed, and we proceeded to examine the falls, by way of variety. A way was found up the rocks at the side of the fall, by which we reached the head of the first cascade. We found the stream (by courtesy only to be called a river) to be divided above into several channels, each of which, making its own cascade, or series of cascades, fell finally into one broad basin, in which the waters grew quiet, and gathered for the final plunge into the lake. This pool was, perhaps, a hundred and fifty yards across, and set round with crags of rock, and walled in with the forest, its pines raising themselves silently and grimly against the leaden sky, and singing in the wind the dreary, lonely chant they have been singing ever since pines were; and the little cascades were gurgling and splashing over the rocks; while down the cliff below, but out of sight, and partially deadened to our hearing, was the rushing of the main fall. There were more picturesque forms of falling water and broken rock than I ever recollect to have seen before in one place. Above the lesser falls, the river was smooth and uninteresting, though the guides said that there was a chain of exceedingly beautiful lakes on the stream, and one of them larger than the one we were then on.

Towards sunset the wind changed, and the rain promised to "hold up," so we concluded to build our camp here, in pre-

ference to returning to Mike's. We selected a point of land where the shore was bold, so as to give us a dry spot, and built our camp against the trunk of a large pine. A fire was soon kindled from some dry light wood and some twigs of a dead balsam, which happened to be in a sheltered position—and then branches of spruce, hemlock, and fir were thrown into the blaze, and, being dried in an instant, and in the next in a flame, we had soon an immense fire, which dried and kindled the dead wood which we threw in, and, ere long, we had a substantial basis for culinary operations—burning logs and a bed of coals large enough to roast a deer whole; and, what was most comfortable, we were thoroughly dry ourselves, and in a most enviable state of good humor.

Our camp was on the eastern side of the lake, and we could see the western sky, over which the clouds began to break up and gather into scud, which drifted before the wind with a most decided promise of a clear morrow. The sun had set some time when they finally broke away; and the last fragments of our discomfort floated away on them as we saw the quiet, serene sky of twilight, pale green, and barred with long horizontal bands of purple cirro-stratus lying motionless, far above the region of rain and wind, and spreading their solemn repose over the dark mountains and the lake, now so glassy that the new moon scarcely waved on its surface, and Jupiter, which followed her closely, blazed from the depths like a lamp.

We had brought one of the deer with us, and I was determined to give the company another example of my ability as cook. I took a fore-quarter of the deer, and, having cut a piece of pork into long slips, thrust them into the meat in every direction; then, cutting a pole, which was run out over the camp until the outer end overhung the fire, the venison was suspended therefrom by a strong cord. We then piled the whole of a large balsam tree on the fire, and the meat began to roast. A turn occasionally kept it in rotation, as long as the cord was twisting and untwisting again, when another turn was given—and an occasional basting kept it from becoming dry. Our hemlock bed being prepared, we lay down on it to wait supper in ease, I occasionally getting up to turn the meat, and the guides being busy with the potatoes, &c. When the venison was finely browned, the string was cut, and a large piece of bark serving as platter, each man carved off to suit himself; and our supper was dispatched with more appetite than ceremony, and digested without other stimulant than an hilarity which seemed to come from the clear mountain air. The echoes rung with our shouts and laughter, and the whole party seemed to have become inspired with the spirit of fun and humor.

When supper was finished, Student and I took our boat and rowed out on the lake. The echoes we awoke surpassed everything we had ever heard. Sentences of half-a-dozen words were repeated distinctly several times—quotations from Shakespeare came back to us with dramatic force, and a halloo rang out from the woods, as if half a score men had been belated in different points in the forest, and wanted us to take them up, and then it died away in a con-

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fused rumble among the hills. We fired a rifle, and the report was flung back by the mountains with an angry force, and ran along the line of peaks and bluffs in muttering thunder-tones. When we had exhausted our vocabulary and vocal powers, we ceased our clamorous challenges to Echo, and quietly paddled about, enjoying the mild, evening air. The frogs were bellying in the rushes, and an owl was hooting in the forest near by—other sound there was none, except a splash now and then of the lake trout leaping from the water in pursuit of their prey. The moon sank slowly, dipping her slender curve behind the dark horizon, and half an hour after, perhaps,—it may have been more—Jupiter passed tremblingly from our sight to view in the lower hemisphere, but overhead still burned and twinkled the myriad lights which we can scarcely single out, much less name. Underneath, too, in the silent lake, they gleamed, and opened new labyrinths of dim glory for reverie to lose itself in. Late in the evening, a gentle breeze came up, and the water broke into little ripples, when we rowed ashore, and found all hands asleep. The sleep I had enjoyed the night before had put me in a wakeful condition, and, although we lay down with the rest, and the glowing fire, warming the camp thoroughly, gave every provocation to sleep, it was long before I felt drowsy. The little waves lapped against the stones along the shore, and rustled among the rushes, and from all over the lake there came a low murmur, a kind of singing from the infinitude of wavelets, plashing and breaking against stone or sand beach, and jostling the thick-set rushes against each other. I did not much care that I was sleepless, but with my feet to the fire and the hemlock boughs thick and soft under me, lay and listened. When, finally, I did sleep, it was with fitful dreams of waterfalls and big trout catching me, and I then, and dying deer, and the baying of hounds, in the midst of which I awaked quite often enough to keep the fire going, much, I suspect, to the vexation of the guides, who didn't want a fire to sleep by, and couldn't understand well why we should.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF EMINENT ENGLISH ARTISTS.

BY AN EX-EDITOR.

NO I. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

MORE than thirty years ago, when the world of politics was agitated from end to end by the trial of George the Fourth's persecuted wife—the world of Art—or at least that portion of it which, "kept" in London, was excited to an unusual degree of interest, by the advent of a new candidate for pictorial honors. At that time, the late William Howe was busily engaged in waging the political warfare against the Government, which (for him) so triumphantly closed by his celebrated defence in an action instituted against him for blasphemy, which defence, it is admitted by all, caused the death of Lord Ellenborough, the learned Judge who tried him. Among Howe's publications was one severely burlesquing the "first gentleman in Europe," on account of his ill-treatment of Queen Caroline, as well as of those numerous amours

which entitled him, literally, to the name of "The Father of his People." Piquant as Howe's attacks seemed, they were suddenly rendered yet more so by some extremely clever illustrations; and as really good designs of a humorous kind were then almost unknown, these at once attracted and commanded attention and admiration, and the great question in literary and artistic circles, for the time, was—Who could the artist be that had combined so much truthfulness to nature, with such humorous and satiric "point," as these political and social caricatures exhibited?

Until that time, caricature, strictly so considered, was but little known, and less appreciated, in England. With the glorious exception of Hogarth, no genuine depicter of "folly as it flies," with brush or graver, had made a mark on his age. To be sure, the numbers of the old *Town and Country Magazine*, with other periodicals of its class, long since defunct, used to be embellished with execrable burlesques of Lord North, William Pitt, the Marquis of Bute, and occasionally with indecent libels on the ladies of the court, but these were almost totally wanting in the essential ingredient—humor, for which mere coarseness was substituted. Gilray, too, had amused the town with his staring productions, but these were rather caricatures on Art itself, than Art employing its powers in illustrating human follies. Then, there were Rowlandson's vulgar and gaudily colored prints, fit only to be hung on the walls of a pot-house, and now to be found but in the portfolios of old foggy collectors. The stage of this department of Art then was, evidently, a clear one, and the newcomer who leaped unannounced on it, with keen eye and ready hand, evidently had no occasion to ask for "favor." Before a month from the time of his first appearance, he was, by many of the then arbiters of taste and masters of opinion, hailed as a new star in the hemisphere of Art; and there were not wanting those who pronounced him to be a second Hogarth.

From the prolific pen of the new designer, illustration after illustration issued, until the initials in the corner of each drawing became familiar to everybody. Before long, the two letters had multiplied into GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. From that day to this, or at least until very recently, that name has stood at the head of artists in this particular walk. I say until recently, for, remembering Richard Doyle and John Leech, it can scarcely be said that the immortal George now stands above and unapproachable. In these, his later days, he must be content to share a divided throne, though none will pay less reverence to the for many years autocrat of the realms of Pictorial Fun.

Living among books and pictures, as I did, almost from childhood, I was of course familiar enough with Cruikshank's illustrations, for, during many years, scarcely a book, admitting of humorous, (and frequently of serious) illustration, issued from the London press, which did not contain one or more designs from his fertile brain and facile fingers. Appreciating them as I did, it was natural enough that I should feel some curiosity respecting their author, and, therefore, it was with something like enthusiasm that, one day, as I was strolling through Amwell street,—Pentonville,

(then quite a Paradise for the artists of Cockneydom, as Brompton now is), I saw, on a brass door-plate, the name—Cruikshank. It was by no means a common one, and so I set it down as a certainty that the celebrated George had there a "local habitation." Nor was I wrong for once, as I ascertained by inquiry at a shop near. Scores of times after the discovery, I passed and repassed that door on my way to Bartholomew's Hospital (for I was a medical student in those days) in the wild hope of seeing the artist as he might be making his exit from, or his entrance into the dwelling; but I never succeeded, and gradually other objects attracting my attention, the brass-plate was all but forgotten.

Time—as time will do—hurried on, and, amid the sober realities of an apothecary's practice in a country town, I almost lost sight of Art and artists. The pestle and mortar is a deadly foe to palettes and pencils; at least so I found them to be, and it was with no slight pleasure that one fine morning, I threw "physic to the dogs," or rather to my successor, and once more perambulated, now Fleet street, which Johnson loved, and anon, Pall Mall, of whose "sweet shady-side," Morris (not our George P., but the "Captain," of Sheridan's time) sang. Once more among book and picture-shops, my old favorite George Cruikshank "turned up" again, and now, to my surprise and delight, I found that the caricaturist had become a great artist, who could touch the heart by his pathos, and impress it by his power, as well as tickle the midriff with his humor! At that time Cruikshank was illustrating Oliver Twist, and few will forget the terrible energy of one of his etchings—I mean that one where Fagin is represented in the condemned cell.

Of the personal appearance of the author of these designs, I had by this time some vague idea, since the great artist had, in more than one instance, introduced his own face and figure into some of his compositions. Indeed, he seems to have had quite a *penchant* for "biting" himself "in" the copper. Witness him in the frontispiece to his "Omnibus," where he sits smoking a pipe of thought; and in a very recently published engraving from his design on wood, in the *Illustrated London News*, where he exhibits himself in the act of handing a candidate for teetotalism across a plank to the stage of Sadlers Wells Theatre, where he presided at a temperance meeting: as yet, then, I had only seen him by proxy, as it were, but an opportunity soon offered itself of obtaining a more satisfactory observation.

Let me here forewarn the reader of these Reminiscences, that he must put up with a somewhat discursive pen. As I write *currente calamo*, scenes and incidents connected with Art will recur to memory, and clamor to be set down at once, or be, most probably, forgotten for ever. In Art-gossip, such as this, one may be permitted to fly off in a tangent now and then, perhaps; but one thing I will avoid—quitting my topic altogether, a habit which is, I regret to say, by no means uncommon in these days. Besides, most pictures have "accessories," and these diversions of mine may be presumed to come under such category.

Not a thousand miles from Charlotte street, Portland Square, resides a lady and